of cities. Other Indian towns the West has touched and contaminated with steam and motor-cars, but Delhi, dreaming in the heart of India's great continent, seems jealously guarded as the Orient's own. In the lurid days of the mutiny every vestige of the West vanished here with a celerity unequalled elsewhere, and so in these days of outer peace the silent pad of the camels' long file patrols the streets and the cactus riots almost over the cantonment lines.

Only a Zola or a Hichens could describe the Roshanara Gardens, planted by one of the two daughters of the Great Moghul, who, both in life and death presented so marked a contrast. Jehanara, devoted to her father, following him into captivity, and buried by her own wish with only the green sod above her royal head, Roshanara, planting a garden of dreamlike loveliness, filling her life in fleeting passions, living in the clash of battles, and moving in the triumphal progress of the conqueror of the world.

Delhi is the city of mystery. On the road

to its grandest mausoleum, where the brave heart of Humayun is at rest, one passes Indra-pat, with its high forbidding walls, its narrow

slit-like